If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are a wearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King Henries coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. My Lord ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuel, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenges his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtricke the murtherer dead,

Line 6 are wearie
Antipenult. madest
Penult. revenge